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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918



HAMLET THE DANE;

A BURLESQUE BURLETTA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY CHARLES BECKINGTON.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne :

PRINTED BY M. ROSS, 48, PILGRIM STREET.

—
1847.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDEL
1878

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE merit of Mr. Poole's Hamlet, and the great success which that Parody has met with in the closet, has induced the Author to attempt the following Burlesque on the same popular Tragedy, with a view to its production on the Stage. In the course of the work, he has availed himself of a few passages in the "Travestie"—certain flights of fancy beyond which it is impossible to soar—and he trusts that HAMLET THE DANE (like other Foreign Princes) will be received by an English public with a generous and enthusiastic welcome.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark, successor to his predecessor,
a little more than kin and less than kind to Hamlet.

HAMLET, his Nephew, in love with Ophelia, *et vice versa*.

POLONIUS, the Lord Chamberlain, the Father of his Children.

LAERTES, one of them, and the Flower of the Flock.

HORATIO, a Gentleman's Gentleman.

ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, } Courtiers.
OSRICK, }

MARCELLUS, } Officers.
BERNARDO, }

A GRAVEDIGGER, one who makes merry with a trade that's
grave.

GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER, and thereby hangs a tale.

A FRIAR.

A DUNGHILL COCK.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, Wife of her Son Hamlet's
Uncle, and Mother of Hamlet's Father's Son, be-
wailing in black velvet, with a widow's cap, black wig,
and heart to match.

OPHELIA, Maid of the *Hamlet*, full of *airs* and *catches*, a
lovely illustration of the trite truth that the course of
true love never did run smooth.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, POLICEMEN, &c.

Scene—Elsinore. Time—The present day.

COSTUME.

SAME as in Tragedy, with the addition of wigs; and ex-
cepting HAMLET, who afterwards appears as a sailor, and
HORATIO, who afterwards wears his highness's livery.

HAMLET THE DANE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Prologue. For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

SCENE II.

A room of state in the Castle—discovers King at luncheon.

King. Though by this suit of black 'tis plainly seen
The memory of my brother's death is green,
I'll take it not to heart, but take the queen.
Why should folks fast, or, like some silly elves,
Keep close at home, as though they'd died themselves?
Nay, what is worse, the custom, as we find it,
Is to draw down the *blinds*, and keep us *blinded*.
But this is mummery I will soon relax,
Or make them *blindly* pay a window-tax.

*Enter Laertes, with crape round his hat, bound with white, and
his suit slightly dashed with flour.*

Laer. My liege.

King. How now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of a new suit; will you have it now?

Laer. I crave your royal leave, my lord, to go to Ro-uen.

King. You better ask your mother. Does she know you're going?

Laer. She don't indeed. I've ta'en French leave to go,
And trip it thus (*dances*) on ~~the~~ light fantastic toe.

King. Take Hamlet with you, sir, and dance a *pas de deux*.

Laer. Indeed, ~~my lord~~; he doesn't wish to go. *That's true,*

King. Then amputate your stick.

Laer. I'm much your debtor.

King. Cut—mizzle—brush—the sooner brush'd the better.

Laer. I'm gone, my liege, ~~for~~ I've little time to lose.

King. The *Diligence* then you will have to use.

Laer. My liege, I take my leave (*bows*).

King. ^{*very*} You can't take aught that we

Would part withal so willingly. (*Exit Laertes dancing.*)

Here comes the queen, and so at once I'll turn in

My muscles thus, to *suit* my *dress* of mourning.

Enter Queen ; also Hamlet, wearing a funeral cloak, and a white hat surrounded with crape.

King (to Hamlet). What cheer ! cheer up, can't no amusement find ?

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. (*weeps.*)

King. Why should the clouds hang on you ? Come, have done.

Ham. Not so, my lord ; I'm too much in the sun.

Queen. Leave off, my Hamlet, do ; and do not blubber ;
You've lost a father, true ; but then you've got another.
Besides, 'tis common, all that live must go hence ;
So blow your nose, my dear, and no more nonsense.

Ham. Aye, madam, it is common.

Queen. ~~And~~ If it be,
Why *seems* it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Talk not to me of *seems* ; when husbands die,
'Twere well if some folks seemed the same as I.
But I have that within you can't take from me ;
As for *black seams*, that's all my eye and Tommy.

SONG—HAMLET.

TUNE—"Love's Retornello."

Oh ! it is not my cloak, though so inky, mamma,
No, nor the crape on my hat for papa ;
But such is the fashion ; and many a knave,
Who feels quite delighted. is made to look grave.
But I don't dissemble, good mother, for part
Of the crape which you gave me I wear in my heart.

These, indeed, seem; for in shew they express
 That a man is in mourning, as well as his dress.
 But shame on such trappings! they're only a hoax,
 And are easily worn, for they're but hats and cloaks.
 But I don't dissemble, good mother, for part
 Of the crape which you gave me I wear in my heart.

King. Hamlet, my boy, you must not thus take on,
 To bring a father back who's dead and gone.
 You're not the first, I'm sure, who's lost his dad.
 That's right, look up, don't be a foolish lad.

Ham. I can't but weep—and so my griefs to lighten,
 With your good leaves, I'll go to school, to *Brighton*.

Queen. Rather than that, we'll strain a point—buy thee a horse,
 And let you visit Ascot, eh! and Epsom too.

King. Of course.

Queen. Let me not lose my prayers, ~~Hamlet~~, 'tis now too late
 A boy like you would ill become a slate.
 Go not to school, my love, I pray you.

Ham. Give me a horse! I shall in all ~~my best~~ obey you.

King. That's a good Hamlet, and the way you said it
 Shall meet reward—it really does you credit.
 Come to our wedding feast, we have a fatted calf.
 Ask for whate'er you like—a pot of half-and-half:
 Or else, the drink which I so much admire,
 Not *half-and-half*—but Whitbread's own *Entire*.
 To-night it is our sovereign pleasure to get tipsy,
 And you shall join us (*to Queen*) eh! you little gipsey.

Queen. Since 'tis your will, we'll all wear smiling faces,
 Go on the hop to-night (*dances*) and all get drunk,

King. As blazes!

Exeunt King and Queen to tune "Haste to the Wedding."

Ham. What the devil shall I do? the time seems very long,
 So I'll beguile it with a little song.

TUNE—"Derry Down."

A half-farthing I'd give, if a sure way I knew
 How to thaw and resolve my stout flesh into dew,
 But I fear 'twere as easy to eat bricks and mortar,
 As to cry myself out, and become all eye-water.

With a down, down, down, up and down,
Derry, derry, up and down, derry down.

Oh! it makes my heart sore when I think that my mother
Who lov'd her late husband, should marry another,
For he was a Colossus, as every one says,
Such as only we read of in Gulliver's days.

With a down, down, down, &c.

So fondly he lov'd her, I've oft heard him tell her
When it rained "My dear Gertrude, mind take an umbrella."
And when often the winds have beset her, he found
When naught else could do it, the winds brought her round.

With a down, down, down, &c.

Why, zounds! she hung on him as he were a noose,
And is now off to church in the very same shoes,
Her vows to my father's own brother to tender,
Oh! woman, thou art of the feminine gender.

With a down, down, down, &c.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Ham. Si—Oui—Yaw—'Tis, 'Tisn't, 'Tis.

Hor. Why all this fuss?

Ham. My lads! what brought you here?

Hor. The Railway Buss.

Ham. To see dad's funeral, eh? you've had your ride,
Or was't to see my mother once more made a bride.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, 'tis one of those occasions,
Which, on your mother's part, required more patience.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; scarce ~~was~~ the funeral ceased,
And funeral meats must cheer the wedding feast.
E'en decent woe gives place to merry feats,
And winding shrouds are changed to wedding sheets.

Hor. (to *Mar.*) I never saw him look so like his father.
The only difference is, he's younger.

Mar. Rather.

Hor. Hamlet, I've seen a sight.

Ham. What's that you've seen?

Hor. Why really I don't know.

Ham. It must be something, or else nothing.

Hor. No!

Ham. Oh!

Then I conclude, of course, since it was neither,
Something and nothing jumbled well together.

Hor. My lord, I saw your father.

Ham. When?

Hor. (*confounded*) Some years ago.

Ber. (*to Hor.*) Say ten.

Ham. Indeed, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.
He was a sovereign, full weight, as could be found;
Not like some sovereigns, which want twopence to the
pound.

He was a man (you'll pardon me if I am bold,
He was a man, was worth his weight in gold.
Methinks I have him in my eye to-night.

Hor. Which eye, my lord?

Ham. (*musings*) He was always in the right.

Hor. Sure as I live, I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. The king your father.

Ham. I dispute it.

Ber. 'Tis true, my lord.

Hor. I'll tell you all about it.

Ham. Tut, tut, odds-fish! 'tis very like a whale.

Hor. 'Tis true, my lord, and thereby hangs a tale.

Ham. When you can speak, I'll hear what you can say.

Hor. My lord, my forte is singing.

Ham. Well then, sing away.

SONG—HORATIO.

TUNE—"Heigho, says Rowley."

Two nights, to watch, these gentlemen went,

("Just so," says Hamlet.)

When near 'bout the time that the night was spent,

A spectre to frighten 'em thither was sent,

With his tombstone, jawbone, skull, shroud, and skeleton.

("Too strange to be true," thinks Hamlet.)

The Ghost like your father looked armed cap à pié;

("Just so," says Hamlet.)

Awhile they stood dumb, then came running to me,

X ~~And sweeting like him~~ said, "The Ghost come and see,

With his tombstone, jawbone, skull, shroud, and skeleton."

("A cock and a bull," thinks Hamlet.)

X With hair all on end

I promised with them to keep watch the next night,
 ("Just so," says Hamlet.)
 When, lo! as they told me, the Ghost came in sight;
 Says I, "It is plain there is something not right,
 With his tombstone, jawbone, skull, shroud, and skeleton;
 Or the Ghost wants to speak to Hamlet."

He went and returned; so I spoke all my mind;
 ("Just so," says Hamlet.)
 Says I, "I'm quite sure you've left something behind,
 Some treasure, perhaps, that the queen cannot find,
 A tombstone, a jawbone, a skull, shroud, or skeleton."
 ("Or else an old tooth," thinks Hamlet.)

He seemed not to like it, but looked rather black,
 ("Just so," says Hamlet.)
 So I took up my stick and I lathered his back,
 And I gave him a kick, he was down in a crack,
 With his tombstone, jawbone, skull, shroud, and skeleton.
 ("And a rum kind of Ghost," thinks Hamlet.)

Mar. 'Tis true, my lord.

Ham. Indeed 'tis strange! Horatio, I'll watch to-night,
 And wait the resurrection of the sprite.
 If it assumes my noble father's form and meets me,
 I'll speak to it, though Hell both gapes and eats me!
 Mum, mum's the word. Be silent as the church I pr'ythee.

Hor. Never fear me.

Mar. & Ben. Nor me.

Ham. Then I'll be with ye.

Hor. Mind lose no time, we'll have such glorions fun.
 Be punctual, my lord, at half ~~past~~ twelve for one.

Ham. I shall.

Hor. 'Pon honor.

Ham. Honor bright.

Hor. Adieu.

Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Ham. No doubt some dirty work, if this be true.
 I'll know the why and wherefore, by the powers,
 My father's out at nights, and keeps bad hours.
 Till one, sit still my soul. Foul things will rise,
 Though earth itself o'erwhelms 'em to men's eyes. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

A room in the House of Polonius—enter Ophelia meeting Laertes.

Laer. I've got my trunk aboard—now pray don't fail

To let me have a letter every mail.

If you can get it franked, so much the better.

Oph. Dost think I grudge the postage of a letter?

Laer. 'Tis very high.

Oph. A penny.

Laer. ~~No,~~ On my word,

The penny postage doesn't reach abroad.

But time is short, and as I must be going,

I'll give you some advice is worth your knowing.

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,

I don't believe him—don't you neither.

He'll flirt with any wench, and leave her then, I know,

For Hamlet is a gay Lothario.

So look before you leap—depend upon it,

'Tis moonshine all, in valentine and sonnet.

Let silence reign—keep all your secrets close,

You've naught to gain but very much to lose.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough, alas !

Who unveils her beauties to a looking-glass.

E'en she is prodigal, who alone takes note,

Sleeps in her stays and flannel petticoat.

Be wary then, best safety lies in fear ;

Girls to themselves rebel, though none else near.

Oph. I'm up to snuff ; but do not, good my brother,

Point out a road to me, and take yourself another.

Like some young priests, of whom I've often read,

Themselves the posy paths of dalliance tread.

Preach, pray, and fast, and whilst our sports retrenching,

Commit at night, the crimes I shake to mention.

Hamlet hath wooed me in an honourable fashion.

Laer. Salt to catch sparrows. Zounds ! you'll put me in a passion.

Oph. You stay too long.

Laer. I know, farewell—I've scarce a minute.

looking at watch.

The tide is waiting for me.

Oph. I pray you don't detain it.

Laer. Well then, I'm off—'tis just the time to sail.

The best of friends must part, (*kisses her*) as the rat
said to his tail,

When he left it in the trap—and off he ran. *Exit Laer.*

Oph. Ah, well! he may persuade me as he can,

But if I marry, Hamlet ~~shall~~ be the man.

{ Love levels ranks, kings down to kitchens bears,

{ And bids a lowly female walk up stairs.

{ But hence with worldly thoughts, none are above him,

{ Good gracious me! I love, oh! how I love him. *Exit.*

Music—I love her, how I love her.

SCENE IV.

*The Platform—a moon scene—enter Hamlet, Horatio, and
Marcellus.*

Hor. Hush! I hear some one coming.

Ham. What is't o'clock?

Hor. My watch says four;

But then 'tis fast, some fifteen hours or more.

Ham. Marcellus, what say you!

Mar. Twelve has just tolled—half-past at most.

Ham. My watch says one.

Mar. Here comes the Ghost.

Ham. I would'nt believe it if you took
Your affidavit of it.

Hor. Well, but look.

Enter Ghost in a white sheet.

Mar. Oh! Nicholas, alas! old Nick! I pray he may not hurt
me.

When ghosts appear my spirits all desert me.

Ham. What's that? what favour next does fate intend us?

Angels and all ye men of *Greeks* defend us.

Be thy intents indifferent, ~~my~~ good or bad,

I'll speak to thee, thou look'st so like my dad.

Low in the cemetery wert thou lain;

Say, what the devil brought thee out again?

I like a joke myself, but I had died as soon,
As thou shouldst visit thus the glimpses of the moon.
Say, why is this, and quick the reason tell us,
For frightening me, Horatio, and Marcellus?

Hor. He wants a chat with you ; you shall not go.

Ham. Shan't I ?

Mar. You shan't.

Ham. *Q* Shan't I though ?

Mar. You shall not go ; perhaps he means to kill you.

Ham. You better hold your jaw ; be quiet, will you ?

Mar. Now blow me if you go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And gives me pluck ; so mind what you're about.

Mar. Damnation, sir !

Ham. Sir ?

Mar. I mean my gracious lord,
You're going to blazes of your own accord.

Ham. Paws off, Marcellus—amputate your stick—come, mizzle.

Hor. Let him go.

Ham. If I want you, lads, I'll whistle. *Exeunt.*

Music—" *Whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad.*"

SCENE V.

*Another part of the Platform, exhibiting lighted lamps.—Re-enter
Ghost and Hamlet.*

Ham. How now, Ghost ? where is't you mean to go ?
I'll go no further.

Ghost. You had better.

Ham. No.

Ghost. Then hold your whist, and listen to my story ;
For know we keep good hours in Purgatory.
I'm only out on leave—my time is up almost,
And I must go down there.

Ham. Alas ! poor Ghost !

SONG—GHOST.

TUNE—" *Nix my Dolly.*"

In me you behold your father's sprite,
Doomed for a term to walk the night,
Valk away.

Confined in fire I'm fast all day,
Till the sins of my body are purged away.
Nick, Nick, Old Nick, Nick, Nick, Nick,
Nix my Dolly pals, fake away, &c.

But that I'm not allowed, to you
I could a tail expose to view,
(Tak't away !)

Would make each hair of that ere wig
Stand up like the pricks of a fighting pig.
Nick, Nick, Old Nick, &c.

Your dear dead dad you quickly missed ;
And I'll tell you how. Young Denmark, list !
Fire away.

That a bumble-bee stung me, I've heard them say ; *but La !*
~~But know~~ That the bumbler now busses your ma-*ma*.
~~Mar~~ Nick, Nick, Old Nick, &c.

In the afternoon, as was my use,
I laid me down to take a snooze,
(*Snores*) Away !

When your uncle filled my mouth almost
With a spirit, and I am now a Ghost.

Nick, Nick, Old Nick, gone to Old Nicky, Nick, Nick,
Fire the North Pole, and fake away, &c.

Ham. Ah ! choice old spirit ! That sulphurous flame
Should scorch my father is a burning shame.
I pr'ythee, sir—

Ghost. O crikey ! the lamps are going out, and I must bid adieu.
(*Horn without*) The mails are coming in.

Without. Cock-a-doodle-doo !

Ghost. O my ! I smell the morning air ; 'tis day almost.
Adieu, adieu, remember me. (*Ghost sinks.*)

Ham. So exit Ghost.

Remember thee ! I feel in such a flurry,
Egad ! I shan't forget thee in a hurry.
Remember thee ! Ah ! thee will I remember
As certain as the fifth day of November.
E'en as my birth-day, when I get spice cakes and tea,
Alas ! alas, poor Ghost ! I will remember thee. (*Whistles.*)

Mar. (*without*) Yawho, yawho, voy !

Hor. (*without*) Hillo ho, hilly ho, boy !

- Ham.* Damn these stupid fellows,
Horatio, here I am. Hollo, Marcellus!
Enter Hor. and Mar.
- Hor.* How is't, my lord?
- Mar.* What news?
- Ham. (to Mar.)* Nay, you are a prating fool.
You'll blab.
- Mar.* Not I; I'm silent as a deaf and dumb school.
- Ham.* 'Tis well; he said that 2 and 2 make 4.
- Hor.* That all! and did he say ^{really} no more?
There surely needs no Ghost to come and tell us
What we well knew when we were schoolfellows.
- Ham.* That's as he pleases; so good night. But ho!
I have a word to say before you go.
Never make known what I've told you to-night.
- Hor.* My lord, you've told us naught.
- Ham.* But swear.
- Ghost (beneath)* ————— That's right.
- Hor.* God damn! 'tis wondrous strange. The Ghost again!
Do tell us, Hamlet, what all this may mean.
- Ham.* I've told you both. Now swear that if perchance
Like Taglioni I think fit to dance—
Go to the fairs, neglecting work and victuals—
Or play at pitch and toss, Dutch pins, or skittles—
Nay even skip with ropes—you'll never dare
To tell or even hint the reason.
- Ghost (beneath)* ————— Swear!
(A chord—blue fire in the back ground.)
- Hor. and Mar. (kneeling)* We swear.
- Ham.* I'm much obliged. Rise, rise; my secret's now incog;
We'll have a spree to-night; let's go and have some grog.
- Hor.* With all my heart; egad! I like your plan.
Marcellus, what say you, ~~my lord~~?
- Mar.* I'm a teetotal man.
- Ham.* But first I want to see the old cham's daughter,
And then will take—
- Hor.* Say what?
- Ham.* Oysters and gin.

Mar.

And soda water.

Exit Hor. and Mar.

Ham. The times are out of joint. O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set them right !
The world's gone mad. Cursed fate, that I
Was born to have a finger in the pie !
By heaven, I'll light the fire of vengeance here and there,
And make a bustling racket every where.
I'll seek the king, and sift his very soul out ;
And for the secret, I will worm the whole out.
I'll bellow like a bull, and like a lion roar ;
Bark like a dog in madness and uproar ;
Rend, tear, rout, maim, wound, rack, cut, shout, and bawl,
Then murder every Dane, myself and all. *Exit.*

Music—" Pray, Goody."

SCENE VI.

A room in Polonius' house.—Enter Polonius, meeting Ophelia.

Pol. Why, child, your pumps have been to work.

Say what's the row ?

Oph. I've had a precious fright.

Pol. Pray tell me how.

Oph. I would, papa ; but out I cannot bring it.

I haven't heart to say it, sir.

Pol. Then sing it.

Oph. I'll try.

Pol. Perhaps the air will do you good.

Oph. I shouldn't wonder really if it would.

SONG--OPHELIA.

TUNE--" *Zurich's fair Waters.*"

If you'll hark to Ophelia, your daughter,

A. E. I. O. U. A. E. I. O. U.

She will tell you the truth, now she may.

Young Hamlet, who drinks gin and water,

A. E. I. O. U. A. E. I. O. U.

Intruded himself as I lay.

When alone, no one bolder than I ;

But with him I'm confoundedly shy,

So I asked him what he had to say.

Variety, variety,

Variety was all he did say.

Variety, variety,

Alack ! well-a-day !

Variety, variety,

Was all that he could say.

Pol. Come, go with me, and let us seek the king.
Hamlet's behaviour is not quite the thing.
This must be known, which, being kept, might prove
More cause to hide than hope to utter love.

Oph. We will, my lord. (*Music without.*)

Pol. But stay ; this trumpeting and drumming
Give notice that the King and Queen are coming.

Enter King and Queen.

Reign, great Claudius ; all hail, great Claudius.

King. Duncce !

How can a sovereign *rain* and *hail* at once ?

Pol. My lord, my liege——

King. If you'd avoid a storm,

Don't talk to me of *raining*.

Pol. Sir, you're warm.

King. If I am warm, you're much too cool. Now, are there
Any things more you wish to add ?

Pol. Yes, rather.

My lord, my liege, I've very much to say.

King. Be quick.

Pol. I will not tell why day is day,

Or Martin, Martin,

King. That's all my eye.

Pol. My liege, I'm coming to it bye and bye.

I will not prate, my lord ; I will be brief.

Your noble son is mad, and wants relief.

Mad, did I say ?

Queen. More matter with less art.

Pol. My daughter, *Philly fair*, has stole his heart.

King. And will she not return it ?

Pol. Yes, my lord.

Take this (*displaying purse*) from this, if you dispute
my word.

Queen. (*to Oph.*) Ophelia, if he's mad for love of you,
I think we'll cure him soon.

Oph. I think so too.

Pol. About this time, we know, it is his hobby
To walk about, both up and down the lobby.
So now at once I'll loose my daughter to him ;
And if he woos her not — why, she shall woo him.

King. Your plan is good, and I'm disposed to try it.

Pol. I'll keep a farm else, provided you will buy it.

King. Sweet Gertrude, march your carcase. Through the keyhole
Polonius and myself will see and hear the whole ;
And from his conduct we shall soon discover
If she's the *Philly* he would fain come over.

Pol. (*to Oph.*) Here, take this book ; he'll think you're at your
prayers.

(*To the King*) Come, let's be off ; hark ! hush ! I hear
him on the stairs. *Exeunt King, Queen, and Pol.*

Oph. What book is this ? Baron Mun-chau-sen :
London, printed for Michael Lawson :
With new additions, never made before.
Oh ! 'tis so moving I can read no more.

Ophelia retires.—Enter Hamlet.

SONG—HAMLET.

TUNE—"Jump, Jim Crow."

To be or not to be's the rub :

Then tell me, if you know,

Which is best, to die, or live

And jump James Crow.

To turn about and wheel about,

And do just so ;

I think 'tis better still to live,

And jump James Crow.

To die, to sleep—no more—we end

The ache of heart and toe ;

X ~~But then we'll never~~ rise again,

To jump James Crow.

To turn about and wheel about,

And do just so ;

It's over warm below, I'm sure,

To jump James Crow.

X *Until the time we rise again.*

To die, to sleep—perchance to dream.

When we are lying low,

A surgeon wants our bones to pick,

To jump James Crow.

To turn about and wheel about,

And do just so ;

I should like to see a skeleton

Could jump James Crow.

The wrongs of love, the rights of law,

The insults of a foe,

Must all be borne by those who live

To jump James Crow.

To turn about and wheel about,

And do just so ;

To smoothe the little (h)ills of life,

We jump James Crow.

For who would fardels bear, if he

Didn't fear to ~~hell~~ to go *below* ?

For a bodkin e'en would send him there,

To jump James Crow.

To turn about and wheel about,

And do just so ;

To another tune he'd have to dance ;

Then, Jump James Crow.

So let us choose the ills we have,

Ere those we do not know,

And use the privilege of gods,

To jump James Crow.

To turn about and wheel about,

And do just so ;

Like gods and little fishes, let us

Jump James Crow.

Oph. Good ! good ! bravo ! when did you learn that song ?

Ham. I do not know.

Oph. It is a pretty song.

Ham. It's all the go.

Oph. Hamlet, I hope you're well this many a day ?

Ham. Ask of my doctor, I really cannot say.

Oph. Ask of thy doctor ! Oh ! thou mountain of deceit,
How dare you thus my father's daughter meet ?

Ham. Indeed, my love, I had mnch rather

You saw in me my daughter's father.

Oph. Oh, false love! Hamlet, you're a bear.

Ham. Madam, I see you know me to a hair.

Oph. I have your present here; I'll now return it,
Though oft I've had an itching, sir, to burn it.
Pray take it back.

Ham. What is't you mean?

Oph. "A trifle from Newcastle," a pair of garters,
With motto thus, "The ring alone shall part us."
I've had them ever since upon the shelf,
In hopes you'd come and put them on yourself.
But since you didn't—they're not worth a penny,
So take them back.

Ham. I never gave you any.

Oph. You did.

Ham. I didn't: as you have 'em, why you prigged 'em,
Or else from my own legs you ^{perhaps} twigged 'em.

Oph. Take them again; for to Ophelia's mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when Hamlet proves unkind.

Ham. Well, well. Ophelia, whether I did or no,
I will not put them on. Go to a nunnery, go! go!!

SONG—HAMLET.

TUNE—"The Mug."

I don't love you, Miss Ophelia, I tell you very plain.

A long time ago, I loved you; but I never shall again.

Go, get thee to a nunnery—obtain thy father's leave.

The best of us are arrant knaves, as now you will believe.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you to a nunnery go?

But still if you will wed, miss, be you as chaste as snow,

Ten thousand tongues will wag at you—go to a nunnery, go.

But if you won't, but marry must, for human flesh is naughty,

Then take a fool at once, my dear, and save a wiser party.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you to a nunnery go?

Oph. Oh! what a pity such a charming lad
Should, at his time of life, go roaring mad!
Oh! that this *glass* of fashion should be *cracked*!
The observed of all observers so soon sacked!

He presses me too much to take the veil :

I'd rather not—I'd sooner take the *male*.

What's the small boy about ? I see

He looks particularly hard at me.

Boys shouldn't look at little girls, my lad.

Ham. When girls look at small boys, 'tis just as bad ;

And let me tell you, though I may be wrong,

I guess that I have loved you over long.

Oph. Then cut it short. Begone.

Ham. T'o make amends,

I'll love no more—I'll hate you. Now we're friends.

Oph. A girl like me I'm sure you'll never get.

Ham. (*going*) I hope I shan't.

Oph. O Hamlet, "Fly not yet."

Come back, my love ; come back ; I'm yours for ever.

Ham. And will you never scold me ?

Oph. Ah ! no, never.

(*They embrace—Hamlet kisses Ophelia.*)

Ham. By Juno's lip and Saturn's thumb,

It was bonus—bona—bonum.

DUET—HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

TUNE—" *I've kissed and I've prattled.*"

Ham. I've made love to fifty young women in Denmark,

And changed them as oft, d'ye see ;

But if she would promise to love me—why then, mark,

Ophelia's the maid for me.

Oph. I've kissed and I've prattled with fifty young fellows,

And changed them as oft, d'ye see ;

But if he would not be so devilish jealous,

Young Hamlet's the lad for me.

Ham. Your father, I know, doesn't much like the match ;

But we in our choice will be free.

I'm a prince, and he ought to be glad of the catch ;

And Ophelia's the maid for me.

Oph. We know very well that advice cheap as dirt is,

And plenty I've had, d'ye see ;

But in spite of the lessons of brother Laertes,

Young Hamlet's the lad for me.

Ham. and Oph. Then here be an end to our squabbles and strife,
And happy for ever we'll be ;

Ham. And as no other woman shall e'er be my wife,

Oph. And as no other man shall e'er make me his wife,

Ham. Ophelia's the maid for me,

Oph. Young Hamlet's the lad for me.

Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A room in Castle—discovers a Punch and Judy stage. Danish march—flourish. Enter King, Queen, Ophelia, Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern (R. H.)—Hamlet and Horatio (L. H.).

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Rather low ;

I live on oysters. You can't feed maidens so.

(To Pol.) What of your daughter, sir? Have we leave
to court ?

Pol. Lord bless you, she'll do nothing of the sort.

She's yet a stranger to that kind of thing ;

Bless you, she's not eighteen until the spring.

Ham. While many folks are mothers at that age.

Pol. And sorry for it after, I'll engage.

No more of this, my lord. I've other fish to fry.

Ham. You are a fishmonger, I believe.

Pol. Indeed, not I ;

I cut corks once, but in a large way, mark ye. *(aloud)*

Ham. What strength of lungs !

You make one think, good lord, you cut great bungs.

King. I was inclined to think so.

Ham. And I'll think so too.

Pol. It's all very fine, young man ; but it won't do.

Queen. Hamlet, come sit by me whilst Punch is acting.

Ham. I'd rather not ; here's metal more attracting.

(*To Oph.*) Ophelia, may I lie upon your knees?

Oph. O surely, or wherever else you please. (*lies down.*)

Ham. I mean my head upon your lap, sweet Philly,
I meant not country matters; I didn't, really.
Look at mamma; she's grinning, by the powers,
And father died within the last two hours.

Oph. Nay, twice two months.

Ham. So long! then let the devil wear black;
For me, I'll have a suit of scarlet to my back.

THE PANTOMIME.

*Enter Punch and Judy—they embrace—exit Punch—enter
Stranger, who embraces Judy—are surprised by Punch—exit
Judy—grand combat between Punch and the Stranger, con-
cluding with a brilliant tableau of the fall of Punch.*

Oph. What means this?

Ham. A trap for mice.

Oph. I should like to know
The argument and meaning of the show.

King. I trust that Punch and Judy no offence intend.

Ham. You'll find they are but jesting in the end.

There's no offence. The story, an' it please you,
A murder done afar—in—Polynesia.

Oh! 'twas a scurvy trick; but that all nonsense is
To you and I, my lord, who have clear consciences.
Let the galled jade wince; for my part, I can bear it;
But if the cap fits you, why you may wear it.

THE PANTOMIME continued.

Re-enter Stranger and Judy—they embrace.

Ham. It was his own—his loving brother, as 'tis said, sir.
Now look, you'll see anon the murderer weds her.

The King alarmed.—Enter Orange-woman.

Or. Any apples, oranges, biscuits, ginger beer.

Omnes. Order!

Ham. This looks, Horatio, like a case of murder.

King. Evaporate! and, to our great surprise,
Make sight of all good for our royal eyes.

Exeunt all in haste, except Hamlet.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch while some must sleep;
Thus *runs* the world away.
The charge against him was till now deficient,
The honour of a Ghost was not sufficient;
But since the play affects him, I shall tell, oh!
That he's a knave, the ghost an honest fellow.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. My lord.

Ham. Rise, rise, my friends.

Ros. That just reproach we feel;
The fact, my lord, is, we ~~both~~ forgot to kneel.

Ham. The man who kneels not won't oft~~er~~ be a riser.

Ros. Your speeches make us better, sir.

Guild. And wiser.

Ros. My lord, I have a message.

Ham. Well, what is it?

Ros. The Queen desires you'll pay her soon—a visit.

Ham. (*with fingers to nose*) Oh!

Tell her I want lump sugar in my cocoa;
I can't get that, and I'm obliged to lump it.

Ros. Well, don't be crusty;
You shall——

Ham. 'Tis all my eye ~~and~~—the saying's somewhat musty.

Ros. My lord, what answer shall we give your mother?

Ham. Tell her I'll come—but stay, I've hit upon another.
Old gossips say he's but a silly calf
Who fondly thinks to catch old birds with chaff.

Presents a whistle to Rosencrantz.

Ros. My lord, I can't play.

Ham. I know you can.

Ros. The fact is,
I could play once, but now I'm out of practice.

Ham. (*to Guild.*) Come, sir, then you shall play.

Guild. My lord, I would,

But I can't ^{not} play now, nor ever could.

Ham. (to Ros.) I pray you favour me.

Ros. Well, since you press —

Ham. Indeed, not I.

Ros. Then, nevertheless,

Give me the fife; I'll play a tune, my lud;

A foreign air perchance may do you good.

Plays the "Black Joke."

Ham. Zounds! what a nincompoop you'd make me!

Play your Black Joke on me! The devil take me,

If I don't play, in sight of all beholders,

As black a joke as yours, upon your shoulders.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern run off, followed by Hamlet—they cross the stage—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern re-enter.

Guild. He's still a fool.

Ros. Methinks he's somewhat wiser.

Guild. He's big with threats.

Ros. How striking his replies are!

Re-enter Hamlet, who hits Guildenstern, and pursues both off.

Music—"Blue Bonnets over the Border."

SCENE II.

A kitchen in the Palace.—Enter King.

King. As Hamlet plays on thus, though he were twenty lords,

'Twixt ~~he shall~~ be his last appearance on the boards.

I'll ~~quickly~~ damn his play, or he'll discover that

He has no more occasion for a hat.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight: tell him he'll get his licks

For shewing off his Punch and Judy tricks.

Read Watts' Logic to him; and if reason fails,

Then tip him up with a cat and nine tails.

In case he turns the tails on you, for certain

Assistance to you, I'll hide behind the curtain.

Oh! I can't find one; so, fast as I am able,

I'll make my exit here beneath the table.

Pol. hides.

King. Oh ! my offence is rank ; the very savour
Is smelt in heaven of my ill behaviour. *Kneels.*

Enter Hamlet, with pizzle.

Ham. Where is the King ? Now, traitor to the crown——
No, no, I cannot hit a man when he is down.
Uncle, the time will come I'll make you nick it ;
My pledge I will redeem, and here's the ticket.
Thy prayers protect thee ; it would not be well
To send thy soul to heaven instead of——

Enter Queen.—King sneaks off.

Queen. Well !

Where did you pick up that dirty fellow,
With his vile spectacle, Punchionello ?
Hamlet, by playing Punch your father is disordered.

Ham. Madam, by playing Judy my father was murdered.

Queen. Down on your knees ; now pr'ythee do
Be ruled. Our husband's anger you may rue.
How answer this, sir ?

Ham. Cock-a-doodle-doo !

Queen. Come, come.

Ham. Go, go.

Queen. Do you know me from another ?

Ham. I do, you are the Queen, wife of my father's brother,
And—would it were not so—you are my mother, }
Who taught me to put one leg 'fore the other—
Bought me no cakes, and wouldn't give me toys,
Nor let me play at marbles with the boys—
Who, when I cried, would stop my mouth with pap ;
But I'm too old, mamma, you cannot now do that.

Queen. I go—

Ham. You shall not budge : while you've one hair
In your thick head, I'll fasten to you there.
I'll cling unto your gown—your wedding clothes,
Hang by your petticoats—nay, clutch your very nose.

Queen. Help ! help !

Pol. The Queen ! the Queen !

Ham. A mouse ! a mouse ! I heard it sing.

Dead, for a ducat ! (*smiling*) I say, is't the King ?

(*Discovers Polonius.*)

He now is still, most secret and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish, prating knave.
 Poor fellow ! he was comical and rum too ;
 No matter, 'tis what we all must come to.
 I took thee for thy betters. (*Polonius snores*) Lie still,
 Polonius.

Queen. Oh ! Hamlet, thou hast done a deed felonious.

Ham. A bloody deed ! almost as bad, good mother,
 As kill a king and marry with his brother.

Pol. The pulse against my heart is fiercely prancing,
 Like when a kettle boils and the lid is dancing.
 My soul's gone forth ; I jump, I hop, I skip ;
 And now I'm off to heaven in an aerial ship.

Ham. It may be true ; yet still, with all humility,
 That's flying in the face of probability.
 (*To Queen*) Leave wringing of your hands.—(*aside*)
 Why, zounds ! she don't look well.

I'll take the special liberty to *wring* this *belle*.
 I'll tickle your toby for you, madam.

Queen. Believe me, few do

Tickle folks' tobies in the style that you do.
 What have I done, that you should make so free
 As thus to blow me up and bully me ?
 Do you come here for fun ? Go, get you hence.
 What have I done, say ? What is my offence ?

Ham. Oh ! such a guilty act !

Queen. I'm not to blame.

He calls me guilty—what a thundering shame !
 What is't you mean ? You hoax ; there's nothing in it.

Ham. I'll let you know my meaning in a minute.

SONG—HAMLET.

TUNE—"Tom and Jerry." *Hamlet produces two Waggies, one of them a Blackamoor.*

Look at these figures, if you please,
 Of Tom and Jerry, Tom and Jerry.
 This was your husband—now this is ;
 This is Jerry, this is Jerry.
 I can't imagine how you could
 Stick to Jerry, stick to Jerry,

And *batten* on this log of wood,
 Uncle Jerry, uncle Jerry.
 Surely it was the devil, mother,
 He or Jerry, he or Jerry,
 Who *cousined* you to wed your brother-
 In-law, Jerry. in-law, Jerry.
 But never more lie down in his bed,
 The bed of Jerry, bed of Jerry ;
 But sleep with your pillow now instead
 Of your Jerry, of your Jerry.

Queen. Indeed your song has won me much to my surprise.

~~Oh!~~ Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes.
 Leave me, dear Hamlet, to my grief alone ;
 For, like a baked potatoe, I am regularly done.
 Oh ! say no more ; I'll mind what I'm about ;
 Your words have almost turned me inside out.

Ham. Let nature take her course ; throw up, good mother,
 The coarser part alone, and keep the other.
 Live not, though in the very best repute,
 With that inhuman, cruel, murderous brute ;
 A thief, that from the Tower the precious crown did thieve,
 And put the jewels in his pocket without leave ;
 A king of shreds and patches——

Enter Ghost through trap-door.

Ah ! here's dad.

What the devil do you want ?

Queen. Alas ! he's mad.

Ghost. Look at thy mother, she seems in a stew ;
 Tell her she better not be frightened ; Hamlet, do.

Ham. Don't be alarmed, my mother ; how d'ye do ?

Queen. I'm rather sick at heart ; how is't with you ?

Ham. Look !

Queen. ——— Where ?

Ham. ——— There !

Queen. ——— On what ;

Ham. ——— My father ! as he lived before.

Queen. Oh ! where ?

Ham. ——— Going, going.

Queen. _____ Where?

Ham. _____ Gone through the trap-door.

Exit Ghost.

Queen. Hamlet, these pranks of yours do much amaze me ;
You surely are an ass, or drunk, or crazy.

Ham. Bacon so fat, thy wretched soul don't put on.
Mother, I know a bee from a leg of mutton.
I fear, alas ! your crimes are past all cure.
I'm not an ass, nor quite so drunk as you are.

Queen. I think you are an ass, for you do bray so.

Ham. Call you me donkey ?

Queen. _____ I didn't say so.

Ham. Good night ; and when you next lay down your head,
Be sure you kick my uncle out of bed.
Although, pale trembler, thou art no great shakes,
See to it, and do it, howsoe'er he quakes.

Queen. Indeed, my son, I feel I'm up the spout,
And not a soul on earth will take me out.
Hamlet, be done, you make me feel quite sore.

Ham. Again, good night, repent, and sin no more.
(*Aside.*) And yet, methinks, her tears, her grief might
lull us ;

A woman's tears ! Psha ! that's the way they gull us.
So that job's jobbed. Oh ! where now is her boast ?
For in this kitchen I now rule the roast.
I must be cruel, only to be kind ;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
I will be cruel to my father's brother—
But kind to thee ! Oh ! don't I love my mother ?

*Exit Hamlet. Music—"Oh ! don't I love my mother." Enter
King.*

King. Translate these sighs. Lord bless us ! how you flutter.
What said the jackanapes ?

Queen. _____ He's mad as butter !
Hearing a noise, he, in his lawless fit,
Called out, " a mouse, a mouse !" and hit the bowsprit
Of poor Polonius, there, beneath the table.

King. Had we been there, he had mashed us, as Cain did Abel.

Queen. And then he cried, "He's dead—I'll wager you a ducat."

And, sure enough, Polonius "kicked the bucket."

King. My stars! Is't true? The same blow couldn't fail

To make our royal self transverse the pail.

Ho, Guildenstern.

Enter Guildenstern.

Just now hath Hamlet slain,

By way of joke, our poor Lord Chamberlain.

Go seek him out; we'll ship him off to London.

As for Polonius, what's done can't be undone.

Exit Guildenstern.

(*Aside.*) If Hamlet goes on thus, he'll make a racket;

Such crooked ways do merit a straight jacket.

And yet tag, rag, and bob-tail love the lad.

He'll make no worse a king although he's mad.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; also Hamlet, between two

Policemen.

Hamlet, you strut about and look so monstrous big,

You'll bring the gray hairs down in sorrow—of my wig—

From pure regard to thee, this cursed blunder

Must send you hence.

Ham.

I shouldn't wonder.

But not so fast, my liege; give me another day.

I want to study Botany—then send me to the Bay.

King. No, no! for England instantly prepare,

The packet's ready, and the wind is fair.

Queen. And must you hence?

Ham.

Dear mother, we must part.

I take my head away, but leave my heart.

King. (Aside.) And England, if thou car'st for us a button,

Thou'lt sweetly tickle this young jockey's mutton.

Exeunt Hamlet, Policemen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Music—"Over the Water to Charley." Enter Bernardo.

Ber. (to Queen.) May it please your highness royal and imperial,

I have a thing to say may be material.

Queen.

I hope it may.

Ber. Ophelia's without.

Queen. Without what, I pray ?
Ber. Without the door.
Queen. Then let her keep without it.
 What business has she with it or without it ?
Ber. She prays admission.
Queen. Back let her roam ;
 Tell her I'm dressing—I'm engaged—I'm not at home.
Ber. My liege, I pr'ythee suffer her to pass,
 She swears she'll break else every pane of glass.
Queen. Let her come in.

Exit Bernardo.

I think the devil's in it.
 Great folks can't be alone a single minute.

Enter Bernardo and Ophelia.

OPHELIA SINGS.
 A Knight forsaken by his love,
 The fairest of the fair,
 Tossed up the window in a rage,
 And threw him—in a chair.

King. Oh ! Ophelia.

Oph. Aye, 'tis true, depend on't——
 And so, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

SINGS.
 And then he sought a mountain high,
 And soon a mountain found,
 When rising to its utmost height,
 He——calmly gazed around.

King. How long has she been thus ?

Queen. I cannot tell.

Oph. We must be patient ; all may yet be well.

Noise without. Exeunt Queen and Ophelia. Enter Marcellus.

King. Tell me, base herald, what's the news ?

Mar. I wouldn't stand, sire, in your royal shoes.
 Without, my liege, Laertes heads a mob ;
 He swears, by Jove, he'll break your royal nob.
 While some do cry, your Majesty shall swing,
 And all insist Laertes shall be king.

Ber. Laertes king !

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Nay, some "God save the King" already cry,
Who'll play the devil soon, with you and I.

King. Indeed, possession is nine points, and then
Look at these fists—don't five and five make ten?

Enter Laertes, without coat, and places himself in a boxing attitude.

Laer. (to King.) You blackguard.

Queen. Fie, Laertes.

Laer. (to Queen.) I had rather
You'd mind your sewing. *(To King.)* Give me back
my father.

King. Raise a dead corpse! well, damn me, that is cool;
I should suppose you took me for a fool.

Laer. Why, as to that, allow me to remind you,
That if I do, I take you as I find you.

King. A divinity doth hedge a king.

Laer. Nay don't allege
Your power to me, for I can jump a hedge.

King. Hold him fast, Gertrude; I'll get out of the way.
He's twice as big as I am. *(Going.)*

Laer. Stop, I say,
Give me my father.

King. He's dead.

Laer. Who killed him?

King. 'Tis said that Hamlet is the man who milled him.

Re-enter Ophelia, dressed with straws, and carrying vegetables.

Laer. My pretty maid; this is too much to bear.
By Gemini! she's mad as a march hare.

OPHELIA SINGS.

Where are those that should protect thee,
In this anxious hour of doubt?
Is it true that they neglect thee?
Does your mother know you're out?

Oph. Stop, stop; I've brought some fruit. For you sweet
Queen,

The largest cucumber that was ever seen.

(To King.) For you a rotten pear; and for you *(to Laer.)*
A turnip; and I'll eat a turnip too.

To bring you some potatoes I had tried,
But father eat them all the day he died. ———))

Laertes and Ophelia embrace.

King. Laertes, I lament your situation.

Exit Queen and Ophelia.

Laer. His shabby funeral too—no ostentation—
No noble rites—no prayers—oh! sad reproach,
Not e'en attended by a mourning coach.
I'll have revenge.

King. You shall; but mark your foes.
Revenge should always sit like spectacles on nose.

Enter Messenger with a letter, and exit.

A letter from Hamlet (*reads.*) By this I learn
He never got away, and, therefore, can't return.
Caught by a roguish tailor, for a ransom
His body is in charge, so I must do the handsome.
Now, I've a scheme will suit us to a T,
And keep suspicion, too, from you and me.
'Tis rumoured you're a famous pugilist.
Now Hamlet oft hath longed to try your fist.
He very fond of getting in a row is,
Merely to show the world his strength and prowess.
I'd have you box together for a wager.

Laer. To give him a sound drubbing, I'll engage, sir.

King. But, to resolve upon a resolution, kill him.

Laer. Hey?

King. You hesitate.

Laer. What will the Crowner say?

King. Tut. Fall on him—I'll help you—no one to back him;
The devil himself is in't if we can't whack him.

Laer. Depend upon't, who's who I'll let him know.

King. Contrive to give him an unlucky blow.

Laer. I'll serve him out, or my name's Bob.
I'll make him squeak.

I'll send him—

King. Where?

Laer. To the middle of next week.

Re-enter Queen.

QUEEN SINGS.

Oh! Ophelia is a sad slut,
 In spite of all I taught her,
 She went to fish for tittlebats,
 And fell into the water.
 A little bramble, near the ditch,
 Fast by the ancle caught her,
 She fell slap dash into her grave,
 And went to Heaven by water.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, my poor lass,
 And, therefore, I forbid my tears to pass.
 Oh! I've a speech of fire, but, like a spout,
 My tears would play upon't, and put it out.
 Had he all Johnson's lives—

King. ————— Or cats who've nine—

Laer. They'd be too few.

King. ————— Vengeance is your's and mine.

Laer. We'll be revenged, and dearly he shall rue it.

Queen. Who?

Laer. Don't stay to ask, but come and see me do it.

SCENE III.

*A Church Yard.**Gravedigger discovered in grave. Bell tolls.*

Graved. (*Drinks.*) A hale man should have ale, but then I
 drink so fast,

I fear this ale will bring me to my *bier* at last.

I must stop short—so now I'll put the drag on.

Oh! ho! I'm just in time, there's no more in the
 flaggon. (*Digs.*)

SONG.

TUNE—"Major Domo am I."

A strong builder am I,

And I'll soon tell you why,

As strong as the gallows I build.

For each house that I make,

There's a tenant to take,

And till doomsday it lasts him when filled.

Friends and kinsmen, I'm glad to see here;

Like a bailiff, I fill all with fear,

Not a soul can elicit a tear. (*Bell tolls.*)
 The funeral bell so pleasing, I hear,
 Proclaims for me there's a customer near.
 'Tis a very fine thing to be gravedigger here,
 For I always get drunk on the strength of the *bier*.

*Whilst he is singing, Hamlet enters, attired as a sailor, and
 Horatio in a dress of livery, as his servant.*

Ham. (to Hor.) This fellow digs and sings, unfeeling knave;
 He's making merry with a trade that's grave.

Hor. Use, my lord is second nature.

Ham. On reflection,
 I think I'd do the same, were I a sexton.

Gravedigger sings again, and throws up a skull. Bell tolls.

Ham. That skull might once have been a politician's;
 A king's perchance; a lawyer's; or physician's.
 That sexton seems a dev'lish dry old elf.
 Horatio, shall we quiz him?

Hor. Please yourself.

Ham. (to Graved.) Dost know whose skull this was amongst
 the many?

Graved. Why, don't you know?

Ham. Why, how the devil can I?

Graved. Of all good fellows, sure he was the best, sir,
 That was once Yorick's skull—the late king's jester.

SONG—HAMLET.

TUNE—"Love was once a little Boy."

When I was a little lad,
 I knew poor Yorick.
 He was the jester of my dad,
 Long since, poor Yorick.
 There never was a man like he,
 For song, *bon mot*, or *jeu d'esprit*;
 On his back he hath borne me.
 I loved poor Yorick.
 The skull which I hold in my fist,
 Was his, poor Yorick.
 Here hung the lips that I have kissed,
 Oftimes, poor Yorick!
 His songs and gambols now are o'er,
 That set the table in a roar.

Alas ! he never will grin more.

Oh ! poor, dead Yorick !

The first and foremost in a spree,

Was he, poor Yorick !

He'd play, or dance, or sing a glee,

With any one, Yorick !

Now to the ladies' rooms repair,

Tell them to paint themselves with care.

This is an image of the fair,

The skull of Yorick !

Corruption, do thy worst—rot on.

Bless thee, poor Yorick !

Yorick's occupation's gone,

And so is Yorick !

Now he's dead and buried too,

What will Denmark for jester do ?

I'm sure I cannot tell—can you ?

Alas ! poor Yorick !

Hor. But soft, here comes the crown and all the court.

Ham. Let's stand aside awhile, and see the sport.

Hor. But don't you think for dress we're rather needy ?

These things are queer.

Ham. Decidedly they're seedy.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Osrick, Friar, &c., through the gates, attending the corpse of Ophelia. Bell tolls.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Friar. Steady, lad, steady.

Don't talk of more, we've done too much already.

Queen. I thought she would have been my Hamlet's bride.

It was on her his suit at first he tried.

Laer. Come let her down ; and from her flesh may bouquets spring.

Friar. I've no objection ; though, I fear, it's an unlikely thing.

Laer. In with her. And if, as gossips tell,

Old maids are destined to lead apes in hell,

May you be one that my poor sister leads.

Ham. What ! my old sweetheart ? Then will I wear widow's weeds.

Gravedigger seizes Laertes, as he is about to spring into the grave.

Graved. Hold, madman ; what the devil are you at ?

What ! plunge into a female grave ! come, none of that.
 If you're for suicide, why there's the water's ridge,
 Or e'en on Waterloo your life you can a-bridge.
 Stand back, I say, and quickly get your fun done.
 If you will leap, why take the Monument of London.

DUET—LAERTES AND HAMLET.

TUNE— " *Nancy Dawson.* "

Laer. Sexton, throw aside your spade ;
 Don't be in so much haste, my blade ;
 Once more I'll kiss the bonny maid,
 Before the grave you fill, sir.

(*Laer. upsets Graved., and leaps into grave.*)

Now cover up the quick and dead,
 And pile your dust upon my head,
 Till of this flat a mount you've made
 As high as the Windmill Hills, sir.

Ham. (advancing) Who's ranting in so fine a strain ?

Laer. Pray, who are you ?

Ham. Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. Oh ho ! I'm glad you're here again ;
 Now, damme, I will choke you.

(*He springs out of grave, and seizes Ham. by the throat.*)

Ham. Let go my throat—don't squeeze so tight,
 For though I never loved to fight,
 I'll thump you to your heart's delight,
 So you'd better not provoke me.

I'll fight for her, so hold your mag,
 Until my eyelids cease to wag ;
 But if you only mean to brag,
 Come tell me what you'll do, sir.

Of paltry Windmill Hills you speak ;
 But on me I'll let them pile a heap
 Shall far exceed the Devil's own Peak—
 I'll rant as well as you, sir.

Queen. Alas ! he's cracked ; he breaks out more and more.

King. He well may break, as he was cracked before.

(*King whispers to Osrick.*)

Queen. He did but jest, my friends, whate'er he uttered ;
 He knows not ~~yet~~^{yet} which side his bread is buttered.

King. Forget, my love, the various cares that rack us ;
Let's home at once, and sacrifice to Bacchus.

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Here comes a friend ; civility is most expedient.
(*Re-enter Osrick.*) Good day, good Osrick.

Osr. My lord, your most obedient.

Ham. How are you, sir ?

Osr. Oh ! very well—and you ?

Ham. But queer.

Osr. It's a fine day.

Ham. Yes, for the season of the year.

Osr. His majesty hath made a match for you, sir,
To spar with young Laertes—a prime bruiser,
And betted him ten shillings to a crown,
That you, my lord, will give the first knock down.
Laertes is quite ready to set to ;
The court's assembling, and will wait for you.

Ham. Go tell Laertes, in terms extremely civil,
That he may go directly to the devil.

Osr. It's odd ; but that's the place, I do declare,
To which he bade me say you might repair.

Ham. Tell him I'll fight him—I never yet felt bolder.

Hor. I'll be your second.

Osr. I your bottle holder.
My lud, permit me to commend my du-ty,
I am yours most humbly to the shoe-tie.

Ham. Yours to the ground.

Osr. The grave.

Ham. The centre.

Osr. Far beneath you,
I'm yours to hell, my lord.

Ham. Why, there I leave you. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

The Court of Denmark, discovers King, Queen, &c.—Flourish.—

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Queen. Why, Hamlet, you're not well ; you must take physic.

Ham. I own I am sick of the sea, or rather sea-sick.

King. To make an end to squabble, strife, and noise,
Shake hands and make it up, my jolly boys,

Ham. (to Laer.) I beg a thousand pardons, sir.

Laer. Nay, I ~~do~~ decline

Them all but one—take back nine hundred ninety-nine.

Ham. I've done you wrong, sir ; and I sorely rue it ;

But, on my word, I never thought to do it.

I shot my pistol as a cockney, brother,

The ass I aimed at—missed, and hit another.

Laer. There is my hand now ; dar'st thou take it ?

Ham. Of course I dare, and thus now do I shake it.

Laer. Enough—I'm satisfied, now let's set to ;

Bring me the gloves.

Ham. ——— Bring me a pair too.

King. Hamlet, you know the wager ?

Ham. Yes, very well ;

You've backed the weaker side though, I can tell.

King. I'm not afraid ; I'm sure you'll not fight shy.

If you don't win, I know at least you'll try.

Laer. These gloves are far too tight—another pair.

Ham. Mine fit : are his as soft as mine ?

Osr. All's fair.

Laer. Come on.

(Ham. and Laer. box—Ham. hits Laer. in the ribs—the latter falls.)

Ham. A hit.

Laer. No, 'pon honour, poz.

King (to Osr.) Your judgment, sir.

Osr. I really think it was.

Laer. (rises) O what a blow in the ribs ! that was a poser.

Ham. Lud ! what's a blow in the ribs ? Look at my nose, sir.

King. Give me the beer, this nutmeg is for you.

Hamlet, your health *(pretends to drink)*. You better
drink some too.

Ham. Let's have this round. When I want drink, I'll ask it.

(They box again.)

Egad, I had him there in the bread-basket.

(Laertes falls.)

King. Hamlet, you better have some ale—what do you say?

Call for whate'er you like; there's nought to pay.

Gertrude, don't drink, there's blood upon the pot.

Queen. And I reply decidedly there's not.

Hamlet, your health (*drinks*). Ha! this is famous stingo.

King. Don't drink.

Queen. I have.

King. The poisoned ale, by jingo!

(*Ham. and Laer. spar again.*)

Ham. Laertes, you're afraid to hit.

Laer. Pooh! nonsense.

I'll nab him; but it goes against my conscience.

'Tis but a blow; so, blow me tight, I'll do it,

Though, in the end, I cannot fail to rue it.

(*Ham. knocks Laer. down—Queen swoons.*)

Ham. Look to the Queen.

King. To see your bloody noses

Her stomach royal slightly indisposes.

Queen. No, no, I'm poisoned. Your damned uncle here

Has mixed a deadly poison with the beer.

King. Then some one must have changed it; for, look here,

'Tis thick as ditch-water,

Osr. That's very clear.

(*Ham. throws gloves aside, and ~~spars~~ ~~spars~~.*)

Ham. O, XXX villain! damme, I don't care.

Kill my mamma! O, base assassin! there. (*misses King.*)

Osr. My liege, your tendency to drop is such,

That I should say you've had a drop too much.

King. Hamlet, you little vagabond, be quiet.

I'll call a policeman if you raise a riot.

Ham. This shall determine that. (*Beats King with ~~glove~~.*)

King. Help, help!

Ham. For that take this.

Laer. (*striking Ham. with ~~glove~~*) And you take that, my lord.

(*Ham falls.*)

Queen. It's dicky with me. (*dies.*)

King. And me. (*dies.*)

Ham. And I am *Richard the Third*.

(*Ham. seizes Laer. and pulls him down.*)

Now say your prayers, and then prepare to die.

Laer. Five minutes spare me, just to have a cry,
Or sing a song.

Ham. 'Tis all my eye,
Though some folks think it proper.

Laer. They sing before they die at the Italian Opera.

Ham. Die first, (*beats him*) and if you're very clever,
You'll stand a chance, perhaps, to sing for ever.

Laer. It grows quite dark—my eyes are dim—good bye. (*dies.*)

Hor. Good riddance to bad rubbish.

Osr. So say I.

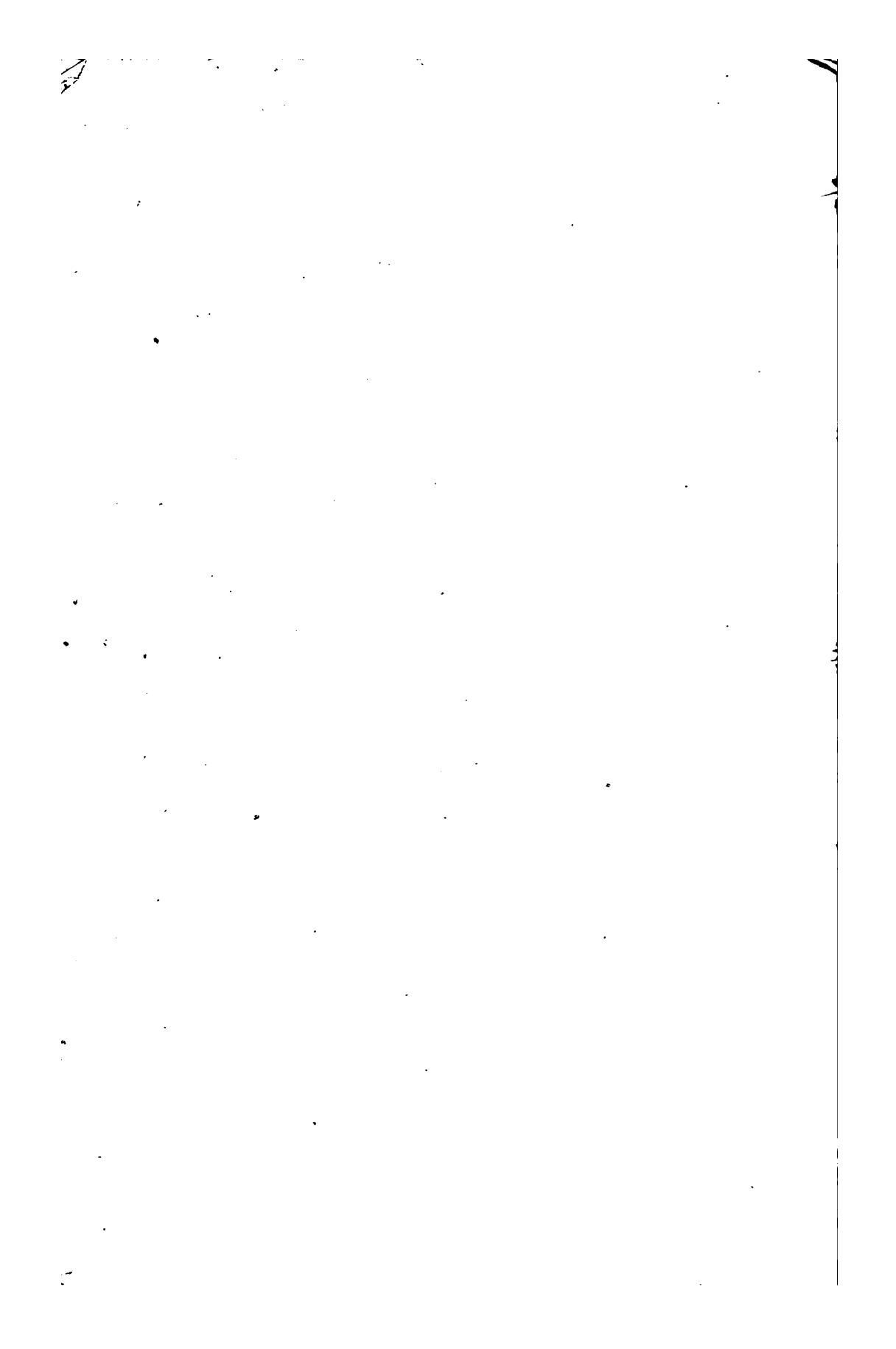
Ham. Death has been playing here a game most scurvy ;
Kings, Queens, and Knaves he tumbles topsy-turvy.
Oh ! my heart breaks—peace, trembler—how it jumps !
I've shuffled four by honours—spades are trumps.
Oh ! I could tell—but there's a great deal in it
Besides, I'm dead ; at least, I shall be in a minute.
But promise me, before I bid good night,
Horatio, that you'll tell my story right ;
And if to evening parties you should go,
Relate my fall, and fill the guests with woe.
I'll bid you now good bye, I can't get on.
Horatio, I am going—going—gone! (*dies.*)

Bell tolls—Blue fire—Music, "Down among the dead Men."

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

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